

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK. FIRE ON A RACETRACK.

A Stable at Clifton Burned and a Sleeping Hostler Killed.

Ten Horses Roasted Alive in Their Stalls.

It Is Supposed that the Fire Was of Incendiary Origin.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 4.—A disastrous fire broke out in one of the stables on the Clifton race track, early this morning. Before the fierce flames could be extinguished, they destroyed \$10,000 worth of property, burned John Brennan a stableman to a charred, unrecognizable mass of cinder, and put an end to the lives of ten horses.

It was 2 o'clock this morning when Supt. Clark, who lives on the track near the stables, was awakened by the hoarse shouts of alarmed stablemen, and the neighing of frightened horses.

It only took a moment for him to learn that one of the stables was wrapped in flames. Another instant and he was at the scene of the fire, directing the frightened stablemen, who stood paralyzed at the sight of the destructive blaze.

The whole stable, a two-story structure, was ablaze when Supt. Clark and his helpers heard the despairing cries of a man issuing from the burning building. Up to this time it had been supposed that all three of the men who slept in the stable had escaped.

Several of the stablemen made an effort to reach the man, but the flames drove them back, and they were forced to desist. The cries grew fainter and fainter and finally ceased altogether.

The stable hands then turned their attention to the horses, but the poor brutes were so crazed by the smoke and flames that nothing could be done with them. Many of them when released rushed back into the flames and were burned. Nine of them perished. The horses were used about the track, and were of little value. Supt. Clark, however, lost a valuable three-year-old thoroughbred.

The flames spread along the fences, but the Association's employees by heroic maneuvers to save the betting ring and grand stand from destruction. The fire was under control by 3 o'clock, and as soon as possible a search was made for the body of the man who had perished. He was found near the door, which he had reached in his effort to escape.

Both legs were burned up and the face and hands badly charred. The remains were identified as those of John Brennan, better known about the track as "Shorty." Brennan.

The body was taken to an undertaking establishment in Paterson. George Engelman, the proprietor of the race track, will see that Brennan will be decently buried. It is thought that relatives of the unfortunate man live in this city.

The origin of the fire is a mystery. The stable hands are not allowed to smoke in the stables, and all lamps are extinguished at 10 o'clock.

Supt. Clark believes that incendiaries have been at work. The fire will not interfere at all with the Fall meeting of the Clifton Jockey Club, which will begin on Wednesday next.

CRANK WRITES TO MR. NICOLL.

He Demands \$10,000 from the District-Attorney.

The crank fever has at last reached the District-Attorney's office. Mr. Nicoll, the chief prosecutor, was the mark this morning.

When Mr. Nicoll reached his office, shortly after 10 o'clock, he found among his mail a letter addressed to him written in an apparently disguised hand. Its contents read as follows:

Nov. 3, 1932.
Dear Sir: I will call for the \$10,000 that you owe me in your hands for me tomorrow at 11 o'clock. Please have \$10,000 in \$5 bills and \$5,000 in \$2 bills. Wait at the office for me, and I will give you my commission after you have paid me. I think I am right, and will be good for your trouble. Thanking you for the trouble you have taken in my behalf, I am, yours respectfully,
D. L. NICOLL.

P. S.—Be sure and be at the office. If Mr. Nicoll said in reference to the letter that he knew of no such person as J. Henry King, and if the writer presented himself at his office he would immediately be placed under arrest.

Policemen Brown and Melly have been ordered to remain in the District-Attorney's office and await the coming of the man who is threatening after \$10,000 from Mr. Nicoll.

CRANK ATTACKS A PRIEST.

Father Sullivan Has a Struggle with Nick Trainor.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 4.—Father Sullivan, of St. Columba Church, at Washington and Buchanan streets, was assaulted by a worthless rascal, who fired a long cut in the face of Father Sullivan. The priest was arrested and taken to the station.

The priest promised to furnish the information desired in a few moments. On being ordered to do so, he immediately turned and threw him to the floor. John Carr, a watchman at a factory adjacent, heard the cry and rushed to the scene, rescued the priest, but not until Father Sullivan's nose was broken and there was a long cut in the forehead.

IS JAKOB A FIREBUG?

Two Fires Started in His Rooms in a Tenement-House.

Occupants Driven to the Roof by Smoke Threaten Him.

Janitor O'Connor Sides with the Accused, but He Is Arrested.

The five-story tenement 2029 Second avenue was twice on fire last night. Adolph Jakob, one of the tenants, was arrested, charged with causing the fire, and locked up in the East One Hundred and Fourth street station.

Fourteen families live in the tenement. Both fires occurred in Jakob's rooms. He is a cement-worker, twenty-three years old, and unmarried. He has lived in the house since last April. Until two months ago he had one of his sisters living with him, but since she went away he has lived alone, his only companions being a pet parrot and four canary birds.

Jakob is a Polish-Hebrew and speaks very little English. Most of the other tenants are Irish, and he never associated with any of them. When the second fire occurred there were loud threats made against him, and he would have fled badly if the other tenants had not held him back.

Jakob occupies rear rooms in the second floor. The first fire occurred at 10 o'clock last night, at that hour Jakob came running into the apartments of Michael O'Connor, the janitor, who lives in the front tenement on the same floor. Jakob was crying "Boss! Boss! Fire!"

O'Connor ran back and found that a hanging lamp had fallen on to a marble top table and exploded, setting fire to the floor and furniture. The flames were quickly extinguished with a few pails of water and only slight damage was done.

Janitor O'Connor went to bed at 11 o'clock. When he went upstairs he left Jakob standing at the street door. At midnight the house was again thrown into commotion by the cries of fire.

It was found that the second fire was running from his rooms carrying his pet parrot cage. He banged on the janitor's door and cried "Boss! Fire! Fire!" Jakob jumped out of bed and ran into the hall to see what was the matter. Heavy smoke was pouring out of the rooms, and it was impossible to get in.

There was much excitement among the tenants. The smoke prevented them from going down, and they were obliged to go up to the roof, where men, women and children stood shivering in the cold for some time.

When it became known that the fire was again in Jakob's rooms many threats of violence were made. "Bring him here," the men cried, "and we will burn him."

It was well for Jakob that he kept out of the way. The firemen put out the flames. It was found that the second fire originated behind a bureau. A can of kerosene was standing in the wash tub in the room. The fire was caused by the lamp falling on the bureau.

The police made an investigation, arrested Jakob and took him to the station. He was charged with causing the fire. The police claim that some of the furniture was soaked with kerosene.

Another tenant, Frank Condon, conducted an investigation during the night. It was learned that the prisoner is insured in the Mutual Life Insurance Company. The police say they have a witness who saw Jakob walking around the room with a lantern in his hand and shortly before the second fire broke out.

The prisoner denies that he started the fire. He said that he was caused by the lamp falling on the bureau. He was awakened an hour later by the screaming of his neighbors. He saw the smoke and believed that a spark from the first fire, which was improperly put out, started the second blaze.

Janitor O'Connor and his wife give Jakob a good reputation, and say they have known him for many years. He is a quiet, industrious man, and they believe that he was caused by the lamp falling on the bureau.

The origin of the fire is a mystery. The stable hands are not allowed to smoke in the stables, and all lamps are extinguished at 10 o'clock.

THE LADY AND THE TRAMP.

She Has a Broken Lantern and He Has a Broken Head.

HACKENSACK, N.J., Nov. 4.—Miss Phoebe Combes has a broken lantern and an unknown tramp has a broken head. The lady, who is tall and fair and conducts a furniture establishment, discovered a tramp in her yard last night. He had a lantern in his hand, but made after him and smashed him over the head with a lantern she carried. He was partially stunned, but recovered and made his escape.

LOBENGULA NOT CAPTURED.

He Has Rallied His Forces and Awaits Attack.

LONDON, Nov. 4.—A despatch from Fort Victoria, Swaziland, dated today, says that the report that King Lobengula had been captured was erroneous.

Lobengula, the despatch adds, has rallied his forces and has returned rapidly to the vicinity of Bulawayo, where he is apparently awaiting an attack by the whites.

The later reports keeping in larger or temporary defense they have thrown up. A battle is imminent.

BATTENBERG MAY LOSE AN EYE.

Queen Victoria's Son-in-Law Injured at Elswick.

LONDON, Nov. 4.—Prince Louis of Battenberg, husband of Princess Beatrice, youngest daughter of the Queen, while inspecting the Armstrong Gun Works, at Elswick, on Wednesday last, sustained an injury to his left eye.

It is now reported that his condition is serious and that he will perhaps lose the sight of his eye.

Navigable Balloon Satisfactorily Tested at Warsaw.
LONDON, Nov. 4.—A Paris despatch to the Daily News says that a navigable balloon, which was there, has been tested by a Russian military commission.

COOPER SUSPENDED.

Arrested on the Charge of Shooting Young Fred Dullin.

The Police Sergeant Denies Assaulting Halloween Skylarkers.

Intense Feeling Among Woodlawn Residents Over the Affair.

Police Sergeant James G. Cooper, of the Tremont station, is under suspension pending the investigation ordered by Supt. Byrnes of the Sergeant's alleged shooting of twelve-year-old Fred Dullin, while the latter was skylarking on Halloween (Tuesday) night.

Serg. Cooper was arrested last night by Capt. Thompson on a charge of felonious assault, made by the lad's father. He was suspended shortly afterwards by Inspector Conlin, having meanwhile secured bail.

The police sergeant was arraigned in the Morrisania Police Court before Justice Simms this morning on the charge of felonious assault and held in \$1,000 bail for examination to-morrow morning. Bail will be furnished.

Freddie is the son of Richard Dullin, who is employed at the Grand Central Depot. He is the only boy in a family of six children, who, with their parents, occupy a pretty little cottage on Second avenue, Woodlawn.

On Halloween night, in company with Jacob Armstrong, Willie Irving, Robert Paul, Willie Taylor, John Bazoni and Thomas Bradley, all boys ranging from twelve to fifteen years of age, went out to celebrate and have a good time.

A little after 8 o'clock they arrived on First street, and were not harming anybody, further than yelling in a boy-like manner, according to the story told by them, the door was thrown open and two charges from a shotgun were fired in rapid succession.

They all started to run, but had only gotten a few feet when Freddie Dullin was called in. He took between thirty and forty blows from the boy's right leg and hands, but the little fellow became so weak and feverish from the loss of blood that he had to postpone the work, and, according to the doctor, as many more of the shot still remain in his body.

The shot carried little pieces of clothing and flesh from the wound and these are even more dangerous than the blood, and are liable to cause blood poisoning.

At 9:30 o'clock Serg. Cooper took little Paul to his home and asked his father to call him in. He took between thirty and forty blows from the boy's right leg and hands, but the little fellow became so weak and feverish from the loss of blood that he had to postpone the work, and, according to the doctor, as many more of the shot still remain in his body.

On his way home again Cooper met a crowd of boys on Second street, who were shouting and yelling and firing their father had fired, and they replied, "Oh, it didn't hurt, it was only pepper and salt."

Mr. Dullin told an "Evening World" reporter today that his boy had frequently had trouble with Cooper's boys, but that he was not allowed to do anything about it, as Cooper's boys had complained about it, and Fred's father had punished him.

Inspector Conlin, who was very much surprised when told that Inspector Conlin had been up to Woodlawn investigating the shooting, and he said, "These people are only doing this out of revenge. I do not know anything about the shooting, and am surprised to hear that a boy had been shot."

"I heard a noise outside of my house, and I went out to see what it was. I caught little Paul, and was going to lock him up, but my wife persuaded me not to do it, and I took him home instead."

"On my way there I heard a crowd of men talking about waylaying me and doing me up. On my way back I jumped on to them and they dispersed."

"Why couldn't Serg. Harley or anybody else have done the shooting? This is all a lot of nonsense. I have refused to allow my children to mingle with the common herd."

"I am sure of my boys was beaten into insensibility, and then I complained. I know nothing about the shooting, and did not have my gun handy."

Young Paul insists that he saw a shotgun standing in the hall of Cooper's house and smelled powder when taken there.

The residents of Woodlawn are very much worked up over the matter and threaten not only to make it hot for Cooper, but also for Dullin if he does not push the matter.

Young Dullin is still in a precarious condition, the chances are that blood poisoning will set in.

The boys all shot straight-forward, and the shot came from the front. They all are sure the shot came from Serg. Cooper's house.

Supt. Byrnes was appointed a member of the police force Jan. 26, 1876, was made a roundsman Feb. 10, 1877, and promoted to sergeant in 1878.

He was Supt. Walling's right-hand man for a long time at Headquarters, and was later promoted to sergeant.

The police record is very good. Sergeant Cooper, whose badge is near Serg. Cooper's, is much displeased at having his name mentioned in connection with the affair. He says he was a block away at the time and heard no shots.

CRACK TRIES TO KILL A MAN.
TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Nov. 4.—Hugh Brown, who has been considered harmless lately, yesterday tried to assassinate John Smith on Main street by shooting twice at him. Both shots missed and Brown was arrested. He claims that Smith did him an injury some years ago.

GLAD HE SHOT BOOZ.

Mehlen's Victim Dies in the Hospital This Morning.

The Saloon-Keeper Had Ruined His Friend's Wife.

She Confessed When Her Husband Discovered Her Letter.

Winfield Booz, who was shot last night in his saloon at 135 Meserole avenue, Brooklyn, by John Mehlen, died in St. Catharine's Hospital at 5:50 o'clock this morning.

Mehlen was arrested in the Ewen Street Police Court, and remanded to await the result of Booz's injuries. Mehlen will now be arraigned and committed on a charge of murder.

Mehlen was seen in his cell in the Greenpoint avenue station-house by an "Evening World" reporter this morning. He is a bright-looking, well-dressed young man, of twenty-eight years. He claimed that he had done perfectly right when he went to Booz's saloon last night and put a bullet through the proprietor's head.

"This man had broken up my family," said Mehlen. "He had pretended to be my friend, and then had outrageously assaulted my wife, afterwards compelling her by threats to submit to him. Then, when I found out everything, and went to his place to upbraid him, he swore at me and ordered his bartender to throw me out of the place. Then I shot him, and I am glad of it."

Mehlen's story is a pitiful one. He lived with his wife and four small children at 140 Meserole avenue. For half his life, or ever since he was fourteen years old, Mehlen has been employed in the mail-order department of Hilton, Hughes & Co., at Broadway and Tenth street.

For the past two years Booz has kept the saloon opposite Mehlen's residence. The two men became acquainted, and in the course of time Mrs. Mehlen got to know the saloon-keeper.

On Thursday of last week Mehlen went into the saloon. Booz was away. The bartender, calling Mehlen's attention to a large number of letters and telegrams, asked what he should do with them. Mehlen told him to let the letters wait. While Mehlen was looking over them he found that one of the letters was addressed in the handwriting of his wife.

Mehlen went home, and there was a scene. The woman confessed that Booz had been intimate with her, but said that he had assaulted her one night and then compelled her by threats to continue the intimacy.

Since that time the husband has been looking for Booz. He did not find him until last night, when they met in the saloon.

Mehlen asked Booz to step outside a moment, but Booz refused, and threatened to use violence. Then Mehlen pulled out his revolver, and fired two shots. The first one went wide of the mark, but the second struck Booz in the head.

Booz was taken to St. Catharine's Hospital, where the doctors said the bullet was in his brain and they dared not attempt to extract it.

Booz was forty-three years old. Chicago rose 1 1/4 to 6 1/2-12. Lackawanna 1 1/4 to 1 1/4-1 1/4. Union 7 1/4 to 8 1/4-1 1/4. American Sugar 3 1/4 to 3 1/4-1 1/4. B. & O. 4 1/4 to 4 1/4-1 1/4. N. Y. & N. H. 4 1/4 to 4 1/4-1 1/4. P. & N. 4 1/4 to 4 1/4-1 1/4. U. S. 4 1/4 to 4 1/4-1 1/4. W. & A. 4 1/4 to 4 1/4-1 1/4. Y. & N. 4 1/4 to 4 1/4-1 1/4. Z. & N. 4 1/4 to 4 1/4-1 1/4.

MISS MIBBELL SUES A SULTAN.

Says that as Plain Albert Baker He Promised to Wed Her.

LONDON, Nov. 4.—The case of Miss Mibbell versus Baker came up today for argument before Justices Sir Alfred Willes and Hon. Sir John Lawrence, in the Queen's Bench division of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice.

The defendant, who is known in this country as Albert Baker, is no less a personage than the Sultan of Johore. The plaintiff is Miss Jennie Mibbell, an handsome young lady of Brighton, who has sued the Sultan for breach of promise of marriage.

Miss Mibbell knew the Sultan as Albert Baker. When he was residing at a house in Goring, at his request, she assumed the name of Baker in communicating with him. After she was aware of his identity he told her that he wished to preserve his incognito by command of the Queen. She did not know that he was the Sultan of Johore until October, 1922, and the promise of marriage was made in that year.

The Court today decided that it had no jurisdiction and the case fell to the ground.

AUSTRIA'S CRISIS.

It Is Said that Prince Windisch-Graetz Will Form a Cabinet.

VIENNA, Nov. 4.—The newspapers of this city agree that Prince Windisch-Graetz has undertaken the formation of a coalition Cabinet.

Summons to Be Served on Two Irish Members.

LONDON, Nov. 4.—It is announced that summonses will be served on Mr. William Field and Mr. Luke P. Hayden, Irish Members of Parliament, for illegal assembly and riot in connection with evictions on the estate of Lord De Frayne.

Italian Murderer Sentenced for Life.
LONDON, Nov. 4.—A despatch to the Standard from Rome says that Giuseppe Schoenmann has been sentenced to life imprisonment in Ferrara for committing three murders. One of his victims was Countess Medrone.

Jonas Lonsford Kills Himself.
LONDON, Ky., Nov. 4.—Jonas Lonsford, a weak-minded girl, committed suicide Thursday night in a horrible manner. She fastened a meat axe between two blocks of wood in the floor, and then, after trying a handkerchief across her eyes, saved her wrist over the dull edge of the axe and her head was almost severed.

WHAT THIS BRAZILIAN TROUBLE MAY COME TO.

The naval engagement off Sandy Hook will be a great boon for the excursion steamers.

Prices Advanced on Favorable Reports About Railroads.

Seven Masked Men Hold Up an Arkansas Express.

Conductor McNally Returns Their Fire and Is Killed.

Negroes Charged with Murder His Cell Neighbors.

Francis H. Weeks came leisurely down from cell 52, second tier, Tombs Prison, to see an "Evening World" reporter this morning. He took his eye-glasses off his nose, methodically placed them in their leather case and returned the case to his pocket as he came.

He was smoking a fragrant cigar, and his eyes were twinkling in their deep settings.

He walked with more buoyancy than yesterday, and there was a poor sort of jolliness in his air.

He smiled and nodded recognition to the reporter, but before the visitor had completed his request for the statement Weeks had stated he might make the prisoner said a little story:

"I have nothing to say; absolutely nothing."

Then he turned and climbed the stairs back to his cell, while the Hall Keeper, Frank Smith, called:

"Man remanded," and Keeper Evers on the second tier echoed:

"Man remanded." There was a jocular smile on the bearded face of the wrecker of other people's fortunes as he entered his cell. The man so lately honored as a lawyer, a holder of \$2,000,000 in trust funds, a member of the New York State Bar, a Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the National Museum of Natural History.

Weeks is a model prisoner, a makes no complaint. He has sixty-two pocket knives, bread and coffee for supper last night and chops for breakfast this morning.

He walked his cell with unconquerable nervousness for hours last night, finally breaking himself on his iron cot and without disturbing the blankets.

Resumable and well-dressed in his class. Of, of course, his supper and breakfast will be far from the prison restaurant man, not the soup and bread and beans of the Tombs bill of fare.

Mr. Nicoll said he would select for this morning the trial of the security for the indictment which charges Weeks with grand larceny and misappropriation of \$5,000, the estate held in trust for Nicholas Fish.

District-Attorney Nicoll said this morning that he should press for an early trial of Weeks, should Weeks enter a plea of not guilty next Friday. No application has been made for the admission of the embalmers to bail, and owing to the certainty that a large force would be required for security probably no offer will be made.

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